

people used to save for years to
give their kids that once-in-a-
lifetime trip to disneyland. old
men, like mooses, refused to die
until their eyes had discerned the
unique configurations of fenway,
wrigley, or the house that ruth built.

now you can probably see more african
wildlife in san diego than africa

you don't even have to drive to westwood
for a first-run movie.

and the croissant and the quiche?
isn't there some way to deport them
and renew their romance?

can you imagine bothering to smuggle
back a dirty book from denmark?

i heard a guy order pernod in the reno room.

today, wherever you are, you are everywhere,
yet no place special.

LIKE SLEEPING ON A GYMNASIUM FLOOR ON AN ISLAND IN A TYPHOON

when my wife refers to anything
as "an adventure," my children
blanch, because, from past
experience, "adventure" has become
synonymous with "ordeal."

THERE ARE MORE WHERE THAT ONE CAME FROM

i am reading good morning, midnight, by
jean rhys, when a moth alights on
the table, just to the right of
the book.

i think of moths in history and
literature, the gypsy moth, for
instance, the moth and the flame,
virginia woolf, emily dickinson,
sylvia plath, ann sexton ...

I smash the moth.

i return to the novel pleased
to have discovered that i have
retained one of my few physical
gifts: fast hands.